

THE NOE VALLEY VOICE

—The J-Line Tour— Sights To See on the LRV

By Larry Beresford

Editor's Note: Judith Lynch, our resident architectural historian, is taking a leave of absence from writing the Artifacts column. However, she gave the Voice a guided tour of the high points along the J-Church streetcar line last month.

The J-Church streetcar, in its newest incarnation as a flashing orange LRV, runs from 30th Street to Daboce, mostly on Church Street, before dipping into the tunnel to the Embarcadero. In the morning, red-eyed commuters elbow their way onto the SRO car and growl at the driver, who dryly asks, "Please step to the rear, folks." In the evening, the downtown emigrants squeeze back onto the J, this time underground, for the trip

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On an overcast day in 1927 a distant relative of Mini's orange, digital LRVs nears 20th Street at the southwest corner of Dolores Park. Photo courtesy of the California Historical Society.

Timeshare—Developers' Last Resort in Eureka Valley

By Rob Miller

Nestled between Sanchez, 17th and Dorland Streets at the edge of Eureka Valley, a big, new, squat, beige building sits empty, as it has for over a year. Some call it a "secured Spanish hacienda," others call it an eyesore.

It is neither lovely nor impressively ugly and probably won't show up in the Artifacts column of this paper for another 80 or 90 years, if at all. But it does cause talk, especially lately, and its history sheds an interesting light on the future of San Francisco neighborhoods.

In 1941 several small housing lots on this corner were consolidated into one plot so that The New Method Laundry could build a large plant. By the early 1970s the laundry had gone out of business and there was some talk in the neighborhood of converting the old building into a studio for artists somewhat like the Goodman Building on Geary. There was also some talk of erecting a 175-unit apartment building.

In 1976 James D. Carrol & Associates, an architect/developer firm, acquired the land and, to the relief of some local residents, decided to build a 58-unit apartment building. At the city's Office of Environmental Evaluation that year and at a variance hearing before the Zoning Board the next year, they got permission to do so.

Later the developers decided they'd rather build condominiums and went to the Planning Commission to seek subdivision approval. They got it in August, 1978. The Board of Supervisors gave their condominium blessing in July, 1979, and the building was built. Then the interest rates went through the roof and the prospective buyers went out the window.

Voice Advertisers Please Note

Our next issue is a combination of the months December (1981) and January (1982). It's not too early to make your space reservation, and by Nov. 20 it may be too late. Call Kit at 821-4117.

A year ago some clever new investors hit upon a new scheme to sell the units: timesharing—that is, convincing people to buy a small piece of a condominium for a part of the year the way they do in Tahoe or Aspen.

The investors' market research told them that maybe timesharing would fly, but it would have to fly with the gay community. And so, four weeks ago a half-page ad appeared in the *Advocate* announcing "the beginning of resort timesharing for the gay community" in Eureka Valley.

During these last several years, the developers occasionally held informal meetings and asked the neighborhood what it thought; some local residents occasionally voiced their opinions; and the city occasionally voiced its opinion. Some promises were made and—some say—some were broken. But mostly the corner lot just sat there, at first with a decaying laundry building on it and later with a big stucco edifice, attracting no occupants and little attention.

"We watched it become this big white elephant. At first people came to look, then nothing," said Jean Pauline of Modern Times Bookstore, which used to be across the street.

Now the developers' new selling strategy may turn the stagnant building into a going concern—perhaps an unwelcome presence in the neighborhood.

But why should the aggressive marketing of a few condominiums cause any stir in a city that has allowed over 4,000 condo units to be built or converted in the last five years? Perhaps the developers' own ad copy for Casa Sanchez says it best: "...located in a peaceful Eureka Valley neighborhood amidst old Victorian homes on tree lined residential streets...just two blocks from the bustling center of the Castro district, which is filled with boutiques, specialty shops, bars, and restaurants."

Undeniably, this is the language of gentrification, the controversial trend that can "rejuvenate" a neighborhood at

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Eureka Finds Magic After Fire

By Jeff Kahss

Actor Jerry Carniglia and a few others crept through the hasegment of Trinity Methodist Church at 16th and Market Streets, which had been the home of the Eureka Theatre Company. It was the morning of Sunday, Oct. 11, a time when the faithful should be filling the pews upstairs, while actors should be sleeping in, resting from the previous night's performance and partying.

Carniglia had been called from his bed at seven with the news that the church and theatre had been gutted in the wee hours by a fire of unknown origin. He had come to the scene to see the truth with his own eyes and rescue what he could.

The dressing room which he and a friend had just refurbished was somehow untouched. He was able to salvage the fixtures, costumes, and a shirt which he'd left at a Saturday night meeting.

He made his way to the light booth and looked out on "an incredibly beautiful and tragic sight": sunlight, which had never before shown on the Eureka, was glinting off a 12-foot-deep pool of water and ash that covered the performance area and all but the rearmost seats. The Eureka had often been praised for its imaginative stagings, but this outdid them all.

With astonishing speed, Carniglia and his fellow Eurekaans mobilized. No time for "to be or not to be." Now the question was just where to be.

The theatre's latest production, "The Jail Diary of Albie Sachs," had just previewed and was scheduled to open the following weekend. Magically, a foster home presented itself: the Magic Theatre at Fort Mason was doing its production of "Stuck" out on a pier, so one of its two regular spaces was unused. By mid-week, the Eureka company had moved in and begun the arduous and anti-climactic tasks of redesigning the set for "Albie" and reblocking the actors' movements in the new, more restrictive space.

Tony Taccone, co-director with Oskar Eustis, admits it was difficult to maintain a positive outlook during the extended rehearsals necessitated by the move. "At

one point we had a blow-out session. Everyone got a minute and a half to express how they really felt about the whole thing."

The show opened, a mere two weeks late, on Oct. 30. It will run till Dec. 6. For more information, call 441-8822.

Meanwhile, the search for a permanent home goes on. Although the 16th and Market space had less than a third of the seating capacity necessary for the Eureka to finance its productions and pay its staff "living wages," it had been "the most flexible small theater space in the Bay Area," according to Richard E. T. White, the third (with Taccone and Eustis) of the Eureka's resident directors.

Unlike the "three-quarter round" set-up at the Magic, the old Eureka permitted adjustment of seating arrangements to the demands of each new play, so "we could work with the audience in different configurations."

There were drawbacks, however, to operating out of a church gym. At first the Church reviewed all scripts of proposed productions, and even after this practice ended, nudity on stage was proscribed.

The Eureka thus has definite criteria for their dream-space: independence of operation, a minimum audience capacity of 300 with flexible seating, and facilities for a shop and storage on the premises. To help finance their plans, the company will hire a fulltime fundraiser who will cultivate philanthropic interests.

Support already has been flowing from other directions. According to Carniglia, the Eureka fire seems to have sparked a unity which no one knew existed in the Bay Area theatre community.

Potrero Hill's Julian Theatre has offered a truck, the Berkeley Rep sold out a

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Timeshare...

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the expense of its low- and moderate-income residents. But the ad is also an accurate description of the often fascinating, sometimes difficult way in which San Francisco's micro-neighborhoods interconnect. Nob Hill abuts the Tenderloin. The Broadway redlight district snakes between two historic ethnic neighborhoods. Sleepy Sanchez and 17th is only two blocks from bustling nightlife.

Asked whether the new plan for Casa Sanchez might meet opposition from local residents already threatened by gentrification, Richard Wall, of O'Donnell, Waiss, Wall & Meschke, attorneys for the developers, said, "I'm not interested in finding a controversy where one doesn't really exist. Some people will object to any new building or because a proposed building happens to block their view. And some people see red when they see the word 'gay'. It's a buzzword to them."

The gay orientation of the Casa Sanchez promotion probably will not escape comment. The building is two blocks from Dolores Park, sight of a distressing amount of anti-gay violence over the past year. But some Eureka Valley residents feel that sexual preference is not the issue and that the buzzword, if there is one, is "timesharing."

For Sue Hestor of the Eureka Valley Promotion Association, "that means a hotel; that's what timesharing is. That's not what the area needs. It's residential; there are schools right there."

Dr. Robert Owen, formerly on the association's board, puts it another way. "(Timesharing) would be totally contrary to our intention. It would turn the building into a place for transients."

Dr. Owen also remembers the informal meetings at which neighborhood representatives approved of the original condominium plan. "Condos were actually thought preferable by us. The intent was to avoid a big rental property with people less interested in the neighborhood, especially because the rents would have been so high and encouraged overcrowding. The point was to have owner-operated units with people committed to the neighborhood. We wanted a mix of occupants, single, married, gay, straight, young, old. But timeshare



Developers plan to turn this building at 17th and Sanchez Streets into an international timeshare resort.

sounds like a bad option."

Hestor remembers a slightly different understanding with the developer. "About six years ago a developer came in with a plan to build low- and moderate-income housing for rent. They came to the neighborhood association which supported them for the (1977 zoning) variance.... Now if they can't sell (the condominiums), let them go back to rental housing, which is what they came to us for originally."

She said she personally expressed her views to city zoning administrator Robert Passmore in 1977. But whoever brought the neighborhood's concerns to the variance hearing did not make it to the condo subdivision hearings in 1978 and 1979. City Hall's Journal of Proceedings records that "there being no one present desiring to speak, (the) President...declared the public hearing adjourned."

Frank Fitch, also of the Eureka Valley Promotion Association, regrets that the neighborhood lost track of the developers' plans and suggests there was a breakdown in the process by which the city usually notifies local groups before variance or subdivision hearings.

Even if neighborhood representatives had spoken before the Planning Commission and the Board of Supervisors, the outcome might not have been any different. Dr. Owen asserts that many local people felt the condo plan was the

best way of "contributing to the renaissance of the neighborhood." Even Supervisor Harry Britt, who generally opposes condominium proliferation, was the first to move for approval at the Board of Supervisors hearing.

But the bureaucratic path from simple condominiums to "resort timesharing" is a very short one, and this is where the system breaks down. San Francisco has no regulations regarding timesharing, so the dialogue between the developer, the city and the neighborhood stopped two years ago when the supervisors adjourned.

Once the developer has the go-ahead on condominiums, a timesharing plan need only get approval from the State Department of Real Estate in Sacramento.

Gil Hatfield, the timesharing specialist there, says this decision has more to do with things like money management stipulations and provisions for maintenance funds than with neighborhood concerns. Sacramento has given the Casa Sanchez management a tentative approval, allowing it to accept reservations and down payments for the time being.

The one area of agreement among neighborhood activists seems to be that the timesharing plan is an unpleasant surprise. Unfortunately, there is no ready mechanism for registering this reaction with the city.

If Sacramento gives the expected final approval and the half-page ad works, Dr. Owen fears that the resulting set-up will attract "people who don't have an interest in the neighborhood, who would only be here for a two-week fling."

Wall disagrees, saying, "People will invest in Casa Sanchez because they like the area. They're not going to come to San Francisco to tear the city up. They might not be neighborhood activists, but that doesn't mean they're not interested in the community."

Another concern grows out of the lack of moderately-priced housing in the city. The Planning Commission's resolution approving the Casa Sanchez subdivision in 1978 required the developer to "make available ten percent of the proposed units for low and moderate income occupancy." But it seems unlikely that Carroll & Associates can adhere to this stipulation while trying to promote a timeshare resort. Asked about this, their attorney said, "I don't really have the answer to that one."

The Casa Sanchez tale is without a simple moral or a central villain. If you decide to assign blame, you must divide it into several pieces and hand one to the city of San Francisco and the State of California for not seeing much difference between a condominium subdivision and a timesharing resort; one to the developer for not remembering the concerns of the neighborhood association; one to the neighborhood association for not reiterating those concerns at every opportunity; and, of course, one to the interest rates which have made some people a little too desperate. ■

Letters

EDITOR:

Enclosed is a check in the amount of \$10. for a mail subscription to the Voice. Thank you very much.

Toni Graham
Harper Street

P.S. I still think the Happy Donut feature by R. Miller (I think that was his name) was one of the best pieces you ever printed.

R. Miller replies:

Ms. Graham displays a truly acute grasp of the situation...some of the best commentary this paper has seen since the Cuban missile crisis. The sooner the reigning editorial czars adopt a parallel attitude the better.

THE NOE VALLEY VOICE
1021 Sanchez Street
San Francisco 94114

The Noe Valley Voice is an independent newspaper published monthly except in January and July. It is distributed free in Noe Valley and vicinity.

Mail subscriptions are available at a cost of \$10/year (\$5/year for seniors).

EDITORIAL 821-3324
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Advertising Deadline for
Dec '81-Jan '82 issue: Nov. 20
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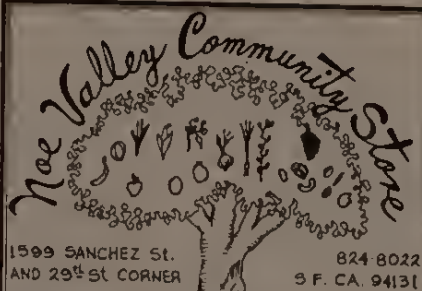
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Photo by K O

Fireman Bob Barbara of Station 6 examines a piece of gridwork amid the wreckage of the Trinity Methodist Church, former home of the Eureka Theatre Company.

Eureka...

Continued from Page 1

benefit performance, and more benefits are planned by David Welsh, the Rhinoceros Theatre, the Berkeley Stage Company, the Angels of Light, the Distractions, and One Act II. Margaret Jenkins Dance Studio has offered its space, and *Chronicle* critic Bernie Wiener has devoted considerable column inches to the plight and pluckiness of the Eureka.

These good deeds may help offset the bitter realization that "the fire occurred at a time when the Eureka was in the best condition it's ever been in," as Carniglia put it. Taccone had recently been ap-

pointed Artistic Director, freeing White to concentrate on building an "ensemble," a group of actors, directors, and technicians who would work together from play to play, developing "stylizations, longer rehearsals, and new, innovative material... in short, a new theatrical voice." Now, says Carniglia, "a lot of energy that would have gone into art will go into basic physical considerations."

However, the company's commitment to ensemble and experimentation will not be lost, even if they have been displaced in space and time. Eurekans are survivors, and their show will go on.

Review

Gallows Humor for a Catholic Queen

By Peter Magnam

Since the artistically accomplished and highly popular Eureka Theatre was destroyed by fire two weeks ago, the lesser known San Francisco Repertory Theatre on 19th and Collingwood is the only remaining live theatre within close proximity to Noe Valley. S.F. Rep has opened its new season with an astonishingly strong production of a fascinating play called "Mary Stuart" by the German playwright Wolfgang Hildesheimer. There's still time to see it if you hurry.

Mary Stuart, better known as Mary, Queen of Scots, was Queen Elizabeth's cousin and a potential threat to the new queen's throne. Mary had to be dispensed with, and her steadfast Catholicism provided Elizabeth with a fine excuse for murdering her.

Hildesheimer uses the occasion of Mary's last night on earth as the setting for a bizarre but well-targeted satire on the excesses spawned by power, greed, and political and religious intolerance. Early on he establishes Mary as the heroic object of our sympathy, but, in a delicious dramatic twist, spends the rest of the play ruthlessly ripping apart her various pretenses. By the time she is led to the block, trimmed and dressed as beautifully as a good cut of beef, her dignity is in tatters.

Mary's grooming and disheveling are accomplished by a crew of servants and aides whose contempt for her grows progressively more overt as time passes and the hour of her destiny approaches. Absurdity is piled on top of absurdity, and the solemnity of the occasion is repeatedly sabotaged by the various necessities of preparing for it.

Thus, for example, Mary is frantically admonished to stop praying for salvation so that her make-up can be put on straight. Meanwhile, her doctor tries to shoo away the make-up lady so he can administer a potion that will make her feel better about having her head chopped off. When the medicine starts to take effect, Mary feels so good she rewards her apothecary with a jeweled ring. But he is quickly dispatched by the executioner's assistant so that a courtier can steal the ring. The jailer is upset to find the execution ground littered by a corpse, and the headman is furious that his assistant should degrade their prestigious occupation by becoming a murderer. And so it

goes. If the Marx Brothers had collaborated with Jonathan Swift, this is the kind of satire they might have produced.

Director Michelle Truffant's deft staging has the effect of a three-ring circus. Many scenes take place simultaneously, with the clowns performing their antics alongside the class acts. There is always more than one vignette to watch, and often one character is involved in two or more scenes at a time.

The large cast creates a fine panoply of grotty Elizabethan denizens. It's as if a Shakespearean tragedy had been taken over by the creatures who had been brought in for the low-life, comic relief scenes. The actors' work seems built on a foundation of deep commitment to the play, so that not even the weaker characters ever sink below the level of plausibility.

High points are reached by Gene Stillman as the disgustingly condescending doctor Raoul and by Weldon Walker, who plays two remarkably different roles, the hapless apothecary and the upright, harried Protestant preacher who seems in danger of broiling in his own fire and brimstone. Dale Cameron is effective as the surly, deliberately inefficient servant Didier, and Donald Hudson does some great posturing as the covetous, effeminate courtier Gervais.

Mary Jo Pearson has some fine moments as the queen, particularly when reacting to the various drugs the doctor has sent coursing through her system. She has an unfortunate tendency to render high emotion by shrieking much too loudly and too frequently. But, otherwise, she's well modulated and does a good job of alternately capturing the center of attention and being shoved aside by all of the frenzy around her.

Costumes are extremely important to this play. The bulk of the action literally consists of the queen and her executioners getting themselves dressed for the big moment. Pamela Mason-Brune and Cathy Neff have assembled a wardrobe of Elizabethan garments that would satisfy the most rigorous demands of a much larger, better funded theatrical company.

"Mary Stuart" was scheduled to end Nov. 1, but there are plans to extend it to Nov. 8. Performances are Thursday through Sunday at 8 p.m. S.F. Repertory is located at 4147 19th St.

Toni Littlestone

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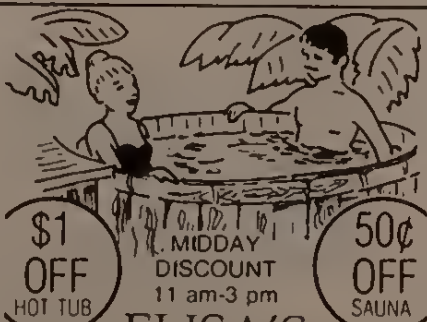
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KIT

J-Line Tour...

Continued from Page 1

home. And in both directions they take for granted one of the most scenic transit routes in the city.

"In San Francisco you have the topography of the hills," explains historian Judith Lynch, who directs the City Guides, a project of the Friends of the San Francisco Public Library. "Superimposed on that (topography) is the grid pattern of streets. At each cross street as you move through the city, you can see startling vistas and constant surprises," she said.

The J-Church rider who boards at 30th Street is first presented with a view of stately Bernal Heights to the right, bare on top except for a few trees and a strange antenna, hut with many colored houses on the lower slopes. To the left is the imposing, fortress-like Diamond Heights.

As the car moves north on Church, Bernal Heights seems to make a quarter turn, offering a different perspective at each block. Diamond Heights shrinks to a more human scale, then disappears behind the hill that peaks mysteriously at Duncan and Castro.

At 26th Street the distant northern face of Diamond Heights reappears, and at Jersey Street those stunning Twin Peaks make their dromedary-like appearance. At 24th Street you can look back and appreciate the valley you've come out of.

Aside from the unique surrounding terrain, the J-line trip affords an opportunity to learn more about San Francisco's celebrated residential architecture, Lynch said. Many good examples of the classical periods of San Francisco architecture can be seen, including the flat-fronts typical of the 1870s, peaked roofs from the 1880s, and a number of buildings with round corner windows from the Edwardian period, 1900-1910.

Number 1410 Church St., unlike most other residences on the street, neglected to add a garage, so you can see the original cement wall around its garden. The

design of number 1164, a rich blue Victorian with a lovely stained glass sailboat, "was printed in the *San Francisco Evening Bulletin* around 1885 as an example of a good 'cheap dwelling,'" Lynch said. Its cost: \$1,300-1,400.

Three light-colored sister houses with peaked roofs stand between 22nd and 23rd Streets, displaying *rincentis*—a raised plaster decorative flourish. Look closely at numbers 1091 and 1085; hidden in the design are human faces. Across the street, between numbers 1030 and 1016, lies the Church Street's notorious "haunted house," long abandoned and undergoing very gradual repair. Signs warn "no trespassing" and "notice of non-responsibility," the paint has all faded, and remodeling has left several windows wide open. Like the entire block on the west side of Church, it lies on graded land 10-15 feet above the street.

One of the most interesting buildings on the route is at 259 Liberty St., where the streetcar crosses Liberty. This mansion was built in a Mission Revival style in the early 1920s, and city Water Department records list a water connection date of February, 1924. If you crane your neck, you can see a stylized replica of a hell tower, tile roof, and a half-oval observation deck, Lynch pointed out. The house sits like a castle above the street, and is guarded by a statuesque Doherman.

From Liberty, the streetcar passes through the backyards of a number of less patrician residences, affording a view of hanging sheets, duckhoats on back porches, pantries and kitchen windows, and occasional late risers reading the newspaper at their kitchen tables.

Finally, just before 20th Street and Dolores Park, a wonderful panorama of the Financial District unfolds. This vista, encompassing the dome of City Hall, the Bay Bridge, the Mint, the Hamms Building, a ribbon of the bay, and Oakland beyond, offers the Muni rider perhaps the best single view of the San Francisco skyline. ■



Photo by Irene Kane

Northbound, crossing Liberty Street, a faster, quieter and infinitely less charming J-car still provides one of San Francisco's finer views. See it now while the fare remains at 50 cents.

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The Community Boards Program, which has been helping to resolve conflicts in Noe Valley and four other neighborhoods, was presented with the San Francisco Foundation's John R. May Award at an Oct. 4 ceremony at the Noe Valley Ministry. The award carries a \$5,000 stipend and recognizes "promotion of excellence in organized service to the community through creative leadership."

The Community Boards Program has been described by Executive Director Raymond Shonholtz as "the first neighborhood-based urban justice system in the country." The staff train neighborhood residents, who then serve as case workers, out-reach workers and hearing panelists. Those interested in the new training session beginning Nov. 7 should call 552-1250 for details.

Give Now, Exhibit Later

Casa El Salvador, at 998 Valencia St. wants to open an exhibition gallery which will showcase young neighborhood artists. Toward this end, the organization will host an auction on Nov. 20 of donated works of art. Visit El Casa or call 641-5364 if you have art to give.

Some Fun Saturday

Two wonderful and worthwhile events this Saturday, Nov. 7: Douglas Alternative Elementary School at 19th and Collingwood (off Castro) opens its Flea Market at 10 in the morning to raise money for art programs, field trips, and motor perceptual enrichment. While you find out from the kids what this means, you'll be able to buy toys and games, kids' clothing, housewares, and home-baked goodies.

SHORT TAKES

Then you can hike over the hill to Bethany Church, Clipper and Sanchez Streets, where you'll find a Fall Festival in full swing, offering plants, craft items, and more hiked goods, as well as a soup and sandwich luncheon (noon) and dinner (5:30 to 7:30 p.m.).

Eine Kleine Kindtmusik

When the curtain rises on the Children's Opera production of "Sleeping Beauty" on Nov. 14, you'll see several of our Noe Valley offspring on stage, including Angela Bradley, Cindy Bernet, Mearra Butler, Tanya Hopkins, Teresa Hopkins, Nicole Jackson and Leah

Klineberg

Diva Moumty Barbara Hopkins reports that the kids, who have been attending S.F. Children's Opera School and rehearsing for weeks, are thrilled to be a part of this fully-staged opera, backed up by a 30-piece orchestra.

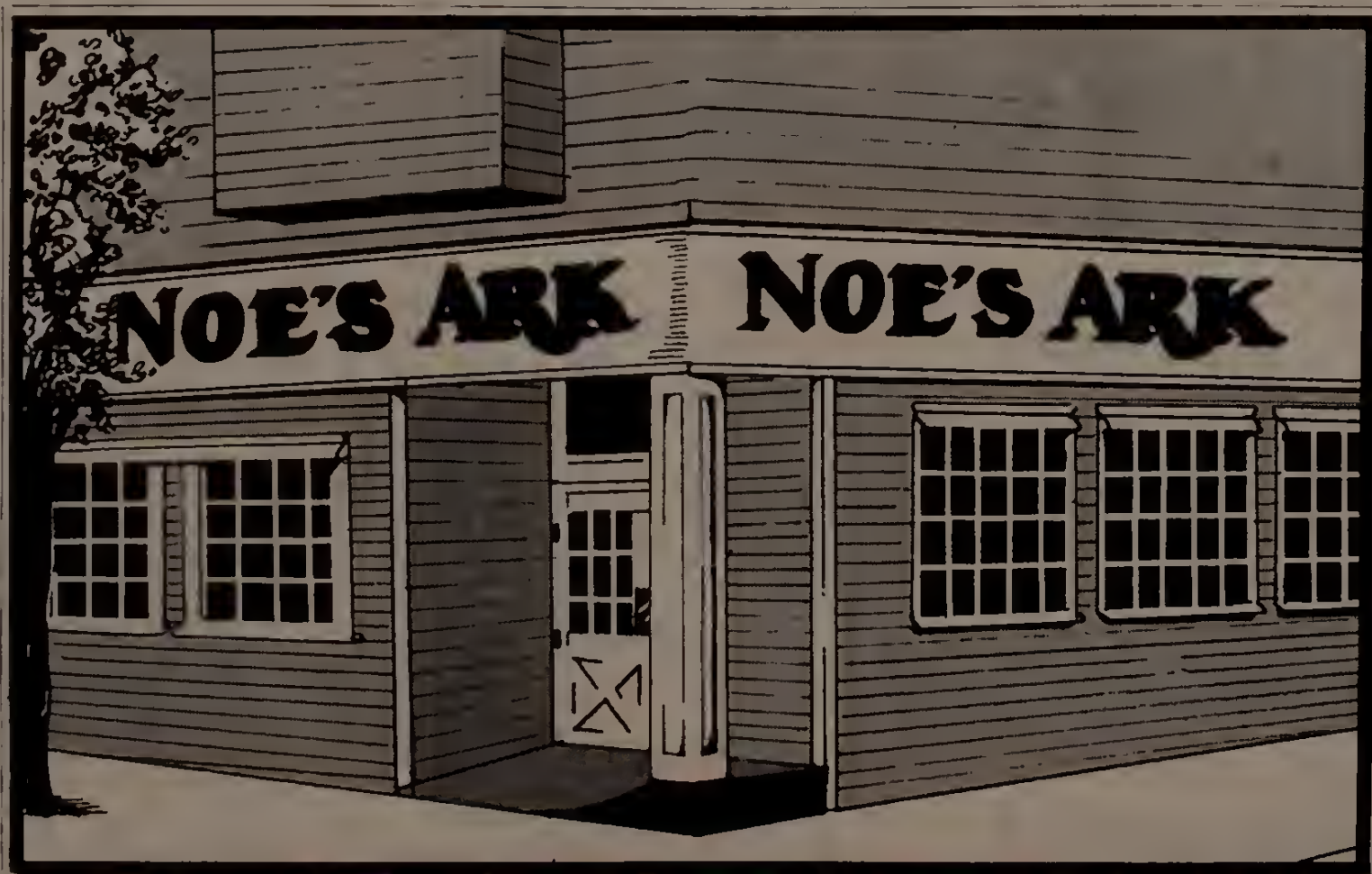
Season tickets for this and the coming five productions may be sold out, but you can get tickets at the Civic Center Herbst Theater at 1 p.m. for the 2:30 p.m. performance. To find out more about the school, call 386-9622.



Photo by Irene Kane

Fifth-graders Boris and Richard hazzle over the hose while Maria secures a foundation for a floweray friend. This garden at Lucille Mackin's house is just up the street from the kids' classrooms at Alvarado School. Plants are donated by City College, tools and supplies are bought with grant the Voice's own Lynn Rogers shares her skills with the students. If you have a garden that needs F.I.C. too, call the school at 826-1650 or Lynn at 641-1790.

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Home Over the Range

By Lynn Rogers

Editor's Note: The Community Boards Program provides a forum for arbitration of neighborhood disputes. The Noe Valley office is located at 1021 Sanchez St.; phone: 821-2470. While the following account is actual, the names are fictitious.

When David, Mike and Jeanine moved into their Church Street flat, the restaurant two floors below was vacant. Although the landlord told them he was looking for a new tenant to take it over, the three young bank clerks weren't concerned about potential noise. They worked all day and went to bed reasonably late, especially on weekends. Besides, there was another flat, a business, between them and the restaurant to cushion any loud sounds. Most of all, their new flat was large, sunny, and very reasonably priced for Noe Valley. They were prepared to put up with a little racket in exchange for such a nice place.

Eighteen months later, the three clerks, David, Mike and Jeanine, arrived at a Community Boards hearing in a collective state of nervous exhaustion. Carrying long, typed statements of their complaints and a tape of the incredible din they recorded in their kitchen one night the week before, the three looked and sounded desperate.

Opposite them sat Sam, the middle-aged, mildly successful, hard-working owner of Church Street Eats. He looked anxious and also carried a typed statement. It was a list of added expenses which he claimed were caused by the complaints of the tenants upstairs.

The panelists introduced themselves with the standard "Hello, we're your neighbors and we're here to help you reach an understanding." The two parties then presented their stories.

Jeanine was the spokesperson for the flat-mates, with David and Mike adding bits that they considered most important.

Across the Boards



Graphics by Kahi Begley

Jeanine said everything had been perfect in their home until Eats moved in about three months after they did. Then their troubles began.

Jeanine said there were two major sources of the noise that boomed through their flat until one, two, or even three a.m. most evenings. She stressed that neither of them had to do with Eats' customers. The diners were all gone by eleven, or midnight at the latest, and while they could be heard through the floor of the livingroom, they were not that obtrusive. Rather, the noise was caused by the exhaust fan for the kitchen stove and the kitchen employees cleaning up.

The exhaust fan, with its vent on the roof, had to be left on for at least half an hour after the stove was turned off, but the kitchen help often forgot it, and it roared on until 2 a.m. One of the roommates would have to call downstairs and complain and only then would the racket cease. The problem had been particularly aggravating during one six-month period because of a loose flap in the vent over their heads which banged and clattered like a barn door in a wind storm.

After many letters and phone calls, Sam had finally had it fixed, but the fan itself was still a problem.

The clamor of the kitchen workers after closing time was the other big hassle. The workers sounded as if they banged the pots with big hammers when they washed them, yelled at each other at the top of their lungs, and cranked their radio up so high it screeched. And they were almost always unresponsive or rude when Jeanine, David or Mike complained to them. Many nights the flat-mates had had to call Don, the maitre d', at his home and ask him to tell the workers to quiet down. All the trouble could have been avoided by closing the kitchen door to the alley, Jeanine said. When the door was closed, the sound hardly carried at all.

Now it was Sam's turn to talk. He presented the panel with his list of expenses. He had spent thousands of dollars to repair the vent and to air-condition the kitchen so the workers could tolerate the heat that built up with the door closed.

He had a sign made that said, "Turn off the exhaust fan," and another read-

ing, "Close this door!" What more could he do? These people were expecting too much. They should move if they wanted it any quieter. He was barely making a living as it was, and all their complaints to various agencies like the Noise Abatement Board were making his life miserable. The maitre d' was threatening to quit if these people kept calling him in the middle of the night.

The panelists listened and asked for clarification from both sides. Then they asked the two parties to face each other and talk to each other. They got Sam to pretend he was one of the young people, trying to get some sleep with a bunch of pans clattering in his ears. They got Mike to pretend he was Sam, trying to satisfy customers, public agencies, and employees and still make enough of a profit to make the whole thing worthwhile. Both sides calmed down and began to see the merit of the other's position.

Then it was time for the two sides to talk about what they could have done differently. David said he realized he could have spoken to Sam about the exhaust vent before he called the noise people. Sam said he could have taken the young people's complaints more seriously from the beginning and had a serious talk with his employees. Jeanine asked him if they could all meet together to discuss it and Sam said, "Yes." It was time to write up an agreement.

The panel asked the parties what they would do to settle the dispute. Sam said he would hold the meeting Jeanine had mentioned and would be very stern with his workers about turning off the fan as soon as possible and holding down the noise. Mike suggested an automatic door closer for the alley, and Sam agreed to look into it. The roommates agreed to be as tolerant as possible about the noise and to complain to Sam and Don first before they called any public agencies.

As the hearing drew to a close, everyone felt a drop in the level of tension in the room. Four people who had come filled with anger, distrust, and dislike were going away relieved, encouraged, and ready to try.



NOE VALLEY MUSIC takes place most Saturday nights at 8:15 pm at Noe Valley Ministry, 1021 Sanchez St. (near 23rd St.) in San Francisco.

Admission \$4.00

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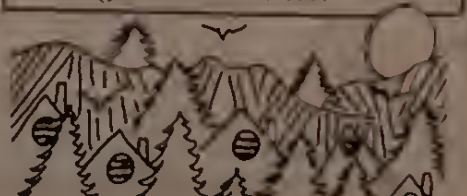
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The Birdmen of 24th Street

By Barbara Withers

There is a scurry of activity as the door swings open. Four cleft hooves strut by; their owner has a stumpy, pink snout. The animal is led by a leash and looks remarkably like a pig. On second glance, it's apparent it is a pig. A man enters next, sporting an alert parrot on his right shoulder.

It turns out the pig is a pet named Ozzie, and the bird is also a pet. The reason they are coming through this particular door (with their owners) is that it's the entrance to the Animal Company. This is Noe Valley's own pet shop, specializing in the feathered and finny varieties of domestic animals, but also providing supplies for owners of more common pets.

It's a place where your questions about the pesky flea will be answered, where you can buy kitty kibble or rubber Bowzer bones, and where you can ogle fancy fish and squawking birds of all colors of the rainbow.

Tucked away in a quiet corner of Noe Valley—at 24th and Douglass Streets—the Animal Company has for four years flourished under the management of owners Gary Thompson and Vic Baciaroni. You'll find them there in their blue smocks almost any day, conversing with neighbors and customers among screeching parrots and red-rumped parakeets.

Prior to opening the Animal Company, Thompson and Baciaroni owned a successful men's clothing shop in Sausalito. But they soon grew tired of straightening piles of clothing to keep busy.

They at first envisioned a pet store in Noe Valley as simply a business invest-

ment. "We originally planned on just moving in here, fixing it up and moving on," Thompson reminisced. But "after six weeks we were still fixing it up. Then we had to find out what the customers wanted. That took another six months of intensive studying before we could honestly answer their questions. By then, it was hard to think about moving."

The business has grown so much that it produces a nice income for its two owners. Now, they say, they're just having a good time.

Both partners have had previous experience with birds—their bread and butter item in the shop. Birds on perches and in cages fill the square room in front, their raucous cries hounding from wall to wall. There is also a darkened back corner filled with fish tanks, casting a soft, blue light.

Thompson and Baciaroni once fan-

tasized owning a general store filled with good antiques and good birds. But the animals proved to be enough for them, and now only birds, fish and a complete inventory of dog and cat supplies vie for space on the cool, concrete floor.

The owner's concern for the care and feeding of the pets they sell is evident to their customers. "We don't just sell a parakeet. We're almost selling perpetual care with it," Thompson says. "We say, this is what you do to take care of it and if you ever have a problem, call me. And we're expected to have the answers. Of course, if we don't, we refer them to a vet."

At home, the pet store owners get in plenty of practice on what they preach. Baciaroni has a ranch in Napa which he shares with three horses, a pony, various chickens, two cats, and "Max," a scarlet macaw. All that's missing is a partridge

in a pear tree. (Until recently, he also had a monkey and a goat.)

Thompson, who lives on Potrero Hill, keeps an African greyhound, three cockatiels, three red-rumped parakeets, five aviaries of finches, "Malcolm," an English sheepdog, and "Vince," a female cat.

Both Thompson and Baciaroni have toyed with the idea of adding cats and dogs to their inventory of pets. But after traveling to various pet shops throughout California, they concluded that pet shops selling cats and dogs were dirty and smelly and the animals don't appear too healthy.

Thompson says that "fish are a strange business right now" because interest in them is waning. He says he can relate more to a customer's distress about a

Continued on Page 10



Photo by Irene Kane

Victor Baciaroni (left) and Gary Thompson found a way to make a business out of the things they love best: animals and people. The result is a healthy and unique Noe Valley shop—The Animal Company.

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Poetry Between the Lines,

By Larry Beresford

Editor's Note: In last month's Voice, we presented interviews with two area poets, Kathleen Fraser and William Diekey, who performed at the inaugural readings of the Poetry Nac Valley series. Poetry Nac Valley is held on the second and fourth Sundays of the month, 7:30 p.m., at the Nac Valley Ministry, 1021 Sanchez St. Admission is \$2.

This month we are featuring the two other poets who read at the Ministry in October, Mark Linenthal and Ellery Akers.

Mark Linenthal: The Poet as Hunter

Mark Linenthal, who teaches creative writing and literature at San Francisco State University, knows that a teacher and a poet speak with different voices.

"A teacher is expected to have opinions—defensible opinions," Linenthal says. "So I come to conclusions as a teacher. I have a practiced, academic voice, which allows me to say certain things with a certain amount of assurance. But that voice is not the voice that I want to talk with, in poetry. I try when I write poetry to get into a receptive state, to get around that highly developed critical faculty. I have to catch myself unawares, and recover some kind of innocence. There's a kid inside, and I associate that inner voice with the kid I was."

Linenthal's poem "Listening to Lester" (printed below) is dedicated to jazz saxophonist Lester Young. Young used to carry around in his sax case a jazz record called "Singing the Blues" by Bix Beiderbecke and Frankie Trumbauer. "When asked about it," Linenthal re-

calls, "Lester said, 'They were telling some stories that I liked to hear.'"

Jazz musicians often tell stories that Linenthal likes to hear. "I was director of the Poetry Center at State for a long time, and so I got to know a lot of poets, and it amazed me after a while how many of them were failed tenor saxophonists. They finally admitted that their real love was the tenor sax," Linenthal says, admitting that he plays a little tenor himself.

Linenthal started reading poetry "seriously" in a prison camp in Germany during World War II. His reading led to a career teaching literature. "I think when I stumbled into my own poetry, after teaching it, I was drawn in two directions. One was image—the concept of the image as something directly perceived and rendered cleanly. On the other hand, I was blown away by people like Robert Creeley, whose poetry is almost bare of imagery. What is crucial in his work is voice—the auditory event."

Linenthal is currently writing a series of poems on hunting. The poems are drawn from his own experience as a hunter and use hunting as a metaphor for the poetic process and for life.

"I like to hunt," he says. "It's an important part of my life, and I don't understand it. I love animals and, as people go, I think I'm tender-hearted. But hunting satisfies something in me. I have finally learned to honor it, instead of trying to argue myself out of it."

Linenthal acknowledges his ambiguous feelings for the hunt. "It's everything. It's a delight and it's a shock. It reminds us of our place in the food chain. It keeps us realistic. That doesn't mean the death of the animal is not something to be regretted."

Linenthal says that poets are hunters

too, hunting for meaning by way of language. "In terms of the killing, which is always shocking, I think the artist perhaps kills life into art. Something out there in the world is fixed, brought to human use."

The hunting poem featured below was suggested to Linenthal by a painting called "Whistling for Plover" by 19th century American artist Thomas Eakins. The painting depicts a black man in a field whistling the birds out of the air. "Somebody said once: The hunter does not hunt in order to kill—he kills in order to hunt."

Linenthal has published one book of poetry, *Growing Light* (Black Thumb Press, 1979).

Ellery Akers: A Close Attention to Nature

Ellery Akers, the youngest of the four poets who read at the Ministry last month, has been dabbling with poetry for 10 years, but "it was only about four years ago that I really started writing. I came to a place where now I'm writing poetry. It took me six years of preparation to get there. I had been writing descriptive poems, and in some ways I was afraid to put myself in the poem or risk sentimentality. Then a lot of dreadful things happened in my life, a lot of deaths in my family, things like that. So my poetry became deeper and more interesting."

Akers is a graduate of S.F. State's creative writing program. She minored in biology and after graduation studied natural history in the field. She has taught natural history ("taking students on field trips birdwatching") through extension programs at area colleges. Taking advantage of two fellowships, she is



Poet Ellery Akers observes and absorbs and birdwatching—has yielded a wealth of

now working on a book of prose essays on nature, drawn from field notebooks.

"I also write short stories and articles, but poetry gives me the most thrill." Many of Akers' poetic images are drawn from nature. "Even in the poems that aren't about nature, it creeps in. That kind of close attention to nature has helped my poetry."

One of her prose essays is on metamorphosis—the profound physical



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Listening to Lester

I give myself such good
advice

I think of how in the yard branches
rest on air

how Bix and Tram were
telling some stories that I liked to hear and
Lester carried that record around—

it was *Singing the Blues*—
learning to play so lightly
he could believe it

how we are so frequently not so
right

how we are not wrong

that hunger heals

—Mark Linenthal
(from *Growing Light*,
Black Thumb Press, 1979)

Whistling birds out
of the air somewhere in the Brooklyn
Museum a black man leans

under a broad stretch of yellow
haze
a white shirt

straw hat pushed back both
barrels cocked of the gun in his hands
Eakins has him half-

sitting half-kneeling deep
in the salt marsh
eyes lost

in the flesh of the face knowing birds
will come
He has found his way out

a life in the air
he will try to remember
when he puts down the gun to pick up

the birds
What he hardly knew
he wanted

—Mark Linenthal
(from *Hunting*, work in progress)



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Part II



the worlds within a Marin County creek. Her close kinship with nature—through hiking, camping and poetic imagery.

change insects undergo. "It's very hard to see a metamorphosis," she says. "You can wait around ponds forever and never see one. Well, one day I was sitting down by this creek, at about six o'clock, and I saw the metamorphosis right in front of me. There was this stonefly that just sort of fluttered up into the air—it was incredible."

Akers recently received the John Masefield Award for a narrative poem from the Poetry Society of America. The poem is written as a series of letters from a pioneer woman to her sister back east. "It came out of my experiences camping. I was interested in someone who would have to come all across the country, camping all the time, and what that would have been like." Akers said she wrote the poem before doing the historical research. "After I did the research,

then I had to go back and change everything because most of it was wrong."

Akers also paints and draws and has started illustrating her poems. "I draw nature and landscapes—things that move across the landscape," she says, describing the drawing as a physical thing.

Akers' poems have been printed in a number of periodicals. She has also won an Academy of American Poets award.

Time Passing, Many Afternoons

Weeds rustling,
The afternoon pulling its heat after it,
coming on like a dark hand
pulling me into the hill.

Often, I stopped to see this:
the hill drinking, and lifting its head up,
at the end, the last tree:
the dark moving the light upward

Going home, I noticed
the comfortable shadow of the car
pacing beside me as I drove,
the cold shells of abandoned cars by the road.

As a child, I played on the lawn,
watching the afternoon gathering in a corner
Dark under the dark elm. The latch getting dark
The short grass, dark. My dress, soaked with it.

Ellery Akers
(printed in *The Aspen Anthology*)

Kinds of Darkness

Every night the maple rocks against my window;
it is a dark horse, quiet, and full of blood.

Over and over the sea pours its sieves;
its mouth, calling me, is dark and alone.

In a grove a long way off
there is one house with a light:
shade of a lamp, and a big chair.

My father's coffin lowers into the black hole,
and the flag falls after him,
the last skin of darkness he could hold.

—Ellery Akers
(printed in *Harvard Magazine*)



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Community Crosstalk

An Open Letter to My Car Thief

from

Karen Barnes

Dear Car Thief,

You know that little gray-blue Volkswagen, license plate HOTSTUF, you picked up the other night? It's mine. Or, rather, was mine.

I may have been pressing my luck parking in front of the Brass Knuckle Saloon, but I thought there'd be enough winos around to keep an eye on things. Obviously the evening was too far advanced.

Not that I was surprised to find a strange red compact at my meter. With barely a double-take, I realized instantly, "Bugsy's gone." Bugsy, in case you're interested, in his nickname.

Of course, I did try to deny the whole thing at first. I circled the block a few dozen times to make sure premature senility hadn't set in. Then I phoned the police, toying with the hope that in a mad fit of ticketing they'd towed him away.

But I'd always known the statistics would catch up with me sooner or later. You're probably too busy to stay on top of all the latest figures, but it may interest you to know that '67 Volkswagens

are the most frequently stolen cars—plus one.

You don't need to be a Freudian analyst to guess that the next thing I felt was hostility. Pure, unrepresed, hone-crushing hostility. It's a good thing you and I don't hang out on the same street corners. Otherwise one of us, and I'm not saying who, would be on the market for a new nose. They don't call me "welterweight" for nothing.

What really keeps the anger cooking are little inconveniences like having to ride Muni. Between muggers and teenage gangs, you know how much fun that is.

Any time I want to dine on something more toothsome than the Twinkies at my corner mom-and-pop store, I have to scour the house for exact change, decipher the map in the Yellow Pages, compute the odds on surviving, chant a few mantras and leave an hour early. For a trip to Safeway, who needs it? Maybe we could share.

I would like you to know that being what qualifies as a liberal under the

Reagan administration, I am willing to make allowances if you're from an underprivileged socio-economic background. But I'm no Rockefeller either. Couldn't you have picked on a Porsche 924 Turbo? It stands to reason that anyone who can afford one of these probably has a Mercedes or BMW at home for running errands. I, on the other hand, have just become the owner of a late-model Fast Pass.

Not to make you feel guilty or anything, but I keep staring out the window at the few feet of curb Bugsy used to call home. You know, I raised that car from his first days of bughood, weaned him from premium to regular, bought him his first set of retreats.

That car and I have been places together—hack and forth across the country twice, to some great double features, in gas lines you wouldn't believe. I even have pictures of the two of us at Yosemite, Bugsy looking like a distant cousin of Half Dome.

Now, every time I see a blue Volkswagen, I nearly put my neck out of joint craning to see the familiar dents and rust spots, the peeling bumper stickers.

Just make sure you're treating Bugsy right, changing his oil regularly and keeping his tank full. And watch out for that little trick he has of suddenly stalling in the middle of traffic.

In case you have a change of heart, don't be afraid to slip by some night and

leave him out front, no questions asked. You have the address; it's on the registration.

But if I know my statistics, Bugsy's probably well on his way through the parts factory by now, dismantled beyond all recognition. Oh well, c'est la guerre. Or, in plain English, such are the ravages of recession.

At least you've solved my parking problems. And I don't have to lay awake nights anymore wondering, "It's two o'clock. Do you know where your Volkswagen is?"

Yours from the bus stop,
The Owner

P.S. If you have a chance, could you pick up the tab on those parking tickets I left in the glove compartment? They're under the Kleenex and Tic Tacs.



Illustration by Barbara VanderBorgh

EDITOR'S NOTE: Community Crosstalk is an open forum for Voice readers. Submissions of up to 750 words must be mailed by the 15th of the month preceding the month of issue. The Voice reserves the right to edit material received. Our address is 1021 Sanchez St., San Francisco, CA 94114.

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Birdmen...

Continued from Page 7

sick bird than someone's concern over a sick goldfish

"We've had some customers spend \$50 trying to keep a goldfish alive. Usually, I try to instruct them that fish do better if you neglect them." But, he adds, the store will keep the fish since he finds their presence pleasant and peaceful. "They're much more interesting than television anyway," he laughs.

Thompson said the owners weren't really prepared for their "vet" role at first. "That was the unexpected part of it—having to be an answer man."

But this past summer they found out what happens when they shed their kindly veterinarian image. For about two weeks, when it was warm outside, Thompson, Baciaroni and their four employees took off their blue smocks and just wore their regular clothes. The reaction was immediate.

"We started to get complaints from people. They asked us to put them back on. I guess you can't be an authority figure without a uniform," Thompson said. They soon donned the blue smocks once again.

So, if you want some advice about your pet who's doing poorly, if Rover's fleas have taken over your household or Fluffy needs a box of catnip, or if you're considering buying an exotic pet, don't forget the Animal Company is right up the street. And don't be surprised if you see Ozzie the pig hanging around the front door.

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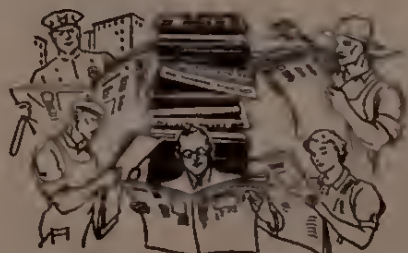
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Holidays, festivities and festoons invade Noe Valley. Christmas Day is less than two months away, Thanksgiving less than a month, and Armistice Day even sooner.

Armistice Day? You remember, don't you? It was at the 11th hour of the 11th day of the 11th month of the 18th year of the 20th century, in a railroad car in a forest at Compiègne, France, that an armistice was reached ending the first World War—the war they said would end all wars.

Armistice Day was truly *the* day to celebrate peace on earth, but the tradition was destined not to last. After World War II and the Korean War, Congress voted in 1954 to change Armistice Day to Veterans Day. The armistice has been long forgotten. To many, the holiday is just another occasion for a three-day weekend, a sure vacation from school.

We asked the students in Joe Stark's second-period Social Studies class at James Lick School about Armistice Day. None of the seventh graders knew what it was. However, almost all knew about Veterans Day. One student, Jerry, was right on the button with his definition: Veterans Day is "a celebration for the people, the brave soldiers who fought the war and their families." But Jerry thought it was on Nov. 25. Another student, who also thought it was on Nov. 25, told us that Veterans Day was "a day for the soldiers that fight in some kind of war." Another accurate definition.

Perhaps on this Veterans Day we should fill Noe Valley with flags. The Noe Valley Bureau of Investigation suggests you take a vet to lunch, or maybe even a bunch for brunch.

For Joseph Andrew Lecours, 40-year resident of Noe Valley, Nov. 11 is a very important date. Lecours, known around the Valley as "Frenchy," was born on Nov. 11, 1901, in St. Joseph's, Montreal, Canada. On Nov. 11, 1918, as Master Sergeant in the 335th Motor Transport Corps, U.S. Army, American Expeditionary Forces, he was at the wheel of history as he drove French Field Marshals Henri Pétain and Ferdinand Foch and American General John J. "Black Jack" Pershing to sign the Armistice at Compiègne. Following the ceremony, he chauffeured Black Jack on to the American Headquarters at Coblenz, Germany.

Frenchy remembers the once-famous battles the American "doughboys" fought at Meuse-Argonne, Belleau Wood and Cateau-Thierry. He remembers fighting a war which ended with 33,345,000 soldiers wounded, missing or dead. So it goes. No, it was not the war to end all wars, but we can be sure there will be no World War IV.

There was peace and harmony at the Noe Valley Ministry during the Jewish High Holy Days. Reverend Carl Smith donned his yarmulke for both the Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur services conducted by Judaism teacher Barry Ring. More than 60 people attended the new year (5742) celebration, with only

and now for the...

RUMORS

behind the news



Photo by Charles Kennard

If you're not sure what Armistice Day is, or was, just ask Noe Valley resident Joseph "Frenchy" Lecours. He was there when representatives of the warring world powers signed a halt to the insanity.

slightly fewer in attendance on the day of atonement, Yom Kippur.

Carl tells us that the Ministry had the biggest telephone response he could remember regarding these services, most people asking whether there was a fee. This was, perhaps, due to the fact that at most major San Francisco synagogues you had to pay to pray by buying tickets for the services in advance. Not so at the Ministry.

There was quite a celebration at St. Philip's School on Oct. 18. Everyone was a winner at the Annual Harvest Bazaar. St. Philip's principal, Sister Patricia, tells us that the festivities were well attended and a huge success.

Sue Cardinale, president of St. Philip's P.T.A., won the \$500 Grand Prize in the "main" raffle, and told us she planned to buy her kids an Atari TV game (which was the Third Prize won by someone else) and "bank the rest."

St. Philip's fifth grader Timothy Mullins was the big winner at the Nickel Toss, winning \$35 on two pots. His dad, Eddie, immediately impounded the winnings in his jeans pocket to save it for Timothy's rainy day.

The Noe Valley Merchants Association held its general meeting Oct. 14 at Taylor's Public House, with 14 merchants in attendance. The group decided to conduct a telephone and walking poll to determine just what the 100 members want to do. The merchants plan to stage some sort of musical activity on 24th Street for Christmas. Jim Di Angeles of Sweet Dreams (the stuffed animal shop) will organize the event.

Empty storetrot. The Needle's Eye went out of business last month so Noe

necessarily in that order.

Bumbling burglars broke into the Knish Konnection last month and karded out one calculator and the entire stock of Knish Konnection's tee-shirts. Nothing more. The tee-shirts are now, evidently, one of the hottest items in Noe Valley.

Downtown Noe Valley gasped early last month as a big Falcon bus loaded with tourists roared into the neighborhood. No, we are not on any tourist bus route yet. This busload was a band of Bavarian bakers who filed off and squeezed into Plate's Bakery to see how it makes its dough. They then headed off to the International Bakery Expo in Lost Wages, Nevada.

Noe's Ark, at 24th and Church Streets, grandly opened Friday, Oct. 9, to a packed house of singles, many of whom walked out two by two. Ark bartender and daytime captain Teresa tells us that days start slow (8 a.m.) but by sundown the Ark is full and by 2 a.m. all patrons have either drowned or abandoned ship.

**

Hot flashes in Washington, D.C. Sierra Club public land specialist and Friends of Noe Valley Vice President John Hooper recently traveled to our nation's capital to present Congress with over 1,100,000 signatures on a petition to dump Interior Secretary James "Mr. No Brains" Watt. John, along with 12 other Sierra Club staffers, met with several members of Congress whose mood he described as "receptive." Between forty and fifty thousand signatures, from every state in the union, are pouring into the Sierra Club every week, and Jo' says, "Don't stop now!" Watt for naught.

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THE OHLONE WAY: Indian Life in the San Francisco-Monterey Bay Area
By Malcolm Margolin
Heyday Books, 1979, \$6.95

Reviewed by Lynn Rogers

Walking down these quiet, tree-lined streets smelling of roses and alyssum, I can hear the calls of crows, robins, jays and hummingbirds around and through the roar of cars starting up and buses passing by. It's a hot sunny day and the air, though filled with a brown haze of smog, still feels good. The houses are pleasant and the occasional small child or adult one glimpses in or near them seems friendly, pleasant also.

Yet the whole scene—houses, streets, roses, cars—fills me with sadness. Having spent most of the morning reading Malcolm Margolin's *The Ohlone Way*, I see this peaceful scene not for what it is, but for what it has replaced, and I want to weep for what we have spoiled, killed, destroyed, lost to the Ohlone and ourselves forever.

Only 200 years ago this little valley, now filled mostly with asphalt and exhaust fumes, held an incredibly rich variety of plant and animal life. Ducks, geese, pelicans and gulls by the thousands touched down in the marshes. Grizzly bear, coyote and bobcats preyed on the huge herds of elk, deer and antelopes that grazed in the grasslands, and

rabbits, quail and other now-timid creatures moved about holdly in the woods.

The muddy bottom of the bay a mile or so away held mussels, clams, abalone and other shellfish in great abundance, and the bay and ocean waters were filled with fish, otter, sea lions and whales. This was a mere two centuries ago.

The people that shared this paradise with the wild creatures of the area lived in 40 small tribes spread from Suisun Bay to Big Sur, speaking 12 different languages and numbering about 10,000 altogether. Collectively, these people are called the Ohlone, or "Western People." Although their customs varied from tribe to tribe, they basically lived in the same ways.

The Ohlone knew they lived in paradise on the edge of the world, and they often celebrated their good fortune with dances, feasts and songfests lasting for several days. In this way they returned to the spirit world some of the abundance it gave to them—they never killed a deer or gathered an acorn that was not properly thanked for its sacrifice. They knew they were not above the plant and animal life they lived with

and depended upon for their existence. They knew they were simply a part of the whole scene.

They did not always live in harmony with each other—there were family or tribal disputes that led to fighting, but such incidents were rare. In a society where generosity, traditional behavior, and obedience to the wisdom of one's elders were the prime virtues, few people faced the severity of exile that willfully damaging others would bring. Besides, one had only to ask and anything one wanted would be given or its owner would be shamed.

No one knows how long life lasted like this—the Ohlone kept no records, nor did the bears. The people built houses of tule reeds and mud and migrated with the various seasons. When the salmon were running, they lived near the creeks; when the acorns were ripening, they moved up into the hills.

When the tule houses and boats fell apart, they built new ones. The only things they accumulated were huge heaps of shells around the outskirts of their principal village sites. From his study of the depths of these and from carbon tracings, Margolin estimates that Ohlone life goes back at least 5,000 years and perhaps as many as 10,000.

But everyone knows when the "Bay Area" started, becoming the "civilized" mess we have today. When the Anglos arrived with guns to kill off and frighten away the animals, harpoons to spear the whales, diseases, vices and bibles to demoralize and destroy the Ohlones, and machines to drain the swamps and cut down the trees, the end was in sight.

The speed with which our destructive powers are unleashed is the most terrifying aspect of our culture. It has taken only 200 years to destroy the paradise the Ohlones lived in for 10,000 years without harm.

If the whole "system" were to collapse tomorrow, the earth would perhaps be fortunate. In only about 200 more years, the area would turn back into something resembling what it was. But think how long it might take if the "nuclear alternative" is pursued.

REVIEW

The Lost Paradise of the Ohlone Indians

SUMMER POEM

Soft white feet,
Hot asphalt,
Wings thin as rice paper—

The angels they
Don't know how to live in
A real world

Like you and me.

—J. Clemente

Hot with the fever of decision

Lying on the floor,
I am feeling cool air
around my bare feet,
blowing across my body
hot with the fever of decision,
Confused in illusion's ache,
haunted by the pains of experience,
I fear joy's absence.
This illness I though conquered
has run upon me,
voracious, eating away
my capacity for beginnings.
Here on the dark wood
I feel cool air.

—Marion Kimes



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Photo by Charles Kennard

Eleanor Kent speeds the communication of her ideas with a Xerox 6500 color copier in her Noe Valley home. She proves that the tools of the modern artist sometimes need a maintenance contract.

High-Tech Art

Eleanor Kent and Her Xerox 6500

By Kit Cameron

Noe Valley xerox artist Eleanor Kent has just returned from Mexico. Laid out in neat piles on her dining room table are copies of articles about her (in Spanish), letters from Mexican artists and catalogs of their work, along with a two-inch-thick stack of her own color xeroxes, which are currently on display at the Centro Universitario Cultural in Mexico City.

"Artists in Mexico are only beginning to use color xerox. I think there are two machines in the entire country available to them. They are constantly reaching for the new technology, which we in the U.S. take for granted."

Kent picks up pieces of literature, attempts to translate, shows off postcards and reprints of her own and other artists' work, all the time talking nonstop about the cultural and artistic exchange that she wants to help promote.

"I found in Mexico an incredible amount of exciting art, as well as an eagerness to learn what we are doing. They were fascinated by the fact that I lay my hands on the xerox machine as a signature for a series. Here we tend to think that xeroxing a part of your body is almost corny. Mexicans are fascinated, as I am, with the interaction between the machine and the artist."

Kent's work with color xerox involves a great deal of interaction, not only with the machine but with Xerox Corporation, from which she has leased a Model 6500 since 1979. She has learned so much about the care and feeding of this "expensive paintbrush," as well as about the different kinds of papers she can feed through the heated drum that seals the plastic color pigments, that she could probably get a job selling or servicing color xerox machines—if she could ever find time to get away from her own.

Normally, she works with natural forms such as shells, stones and fabric—

"things which have a personal and therefore powerful meaning for me"—rearranging them on the glass plate and adjusting the color controls until she has produced an image that she wants to make in a limited edition. "Then I punch the button and turn out forty."

Her images progress one from the other. Most recently she has been working with a special tray designed and built by artist Bruce Sherman that allows her to xerox liquids. Her "Honey Woman" series, now on exhibit in Mexico City, is an evolutionary group of increasingly abstract images that began as a mermaid traced in honey on the glass tray.

Other copy artists share Kent's machine for cost, and she is equally proud of their work. "Each one of us uses this machine in an individual way," she says. She keeps a box full of xerox images, her "library of copy art."

Kent often gets requests from far away to xerox slides of work—"mail order xerox," she calls it—and is constantly in touch with other artists around the country.

"I call myself a literate artist," she says. "An important part of my art is the compulsion to communicate—even if it is the urge to send an anonymous note over the wall."

She feels it's important that artists share with each other. "After all, it's a cold, uncaring world we're up against."

Kent's own art has been a life-long process. The product of an old San Francisco family (her aunt was sculptor Adaline Kent), she was educated in literary rather than visual terms. "But I was always 'making art,' even as a little girl." With a degree from Radcliffe in her pocket, she found work in San Francisco as a teacher in the public schools.

"After three years of that, I said 'Enough!' and decided to try art school. That didn't last long."

Kent found life at the San Francisco Art Institute as hidebound and tradition-

oriented as any Ivy League university. "The male students were all macho artists, sitting around talking about their 'art.' The women students were usually their mistresses. If a woman was serious about her own work, she had to be an outright bitch to get any kind of recognition."

She retreated from the institute scene to more teaching, this time at a private school; to several years of evening art classes; to a masters in linguistics from San Francisco State University; and eventually to marriage, which produced her son Jamie and more art.

"I bet you'll find this with many women artists, that when they have a child and they're more at home, they begin to work consistently. Ruth Asawa, in particular, was a great inspiration to me."

Two shelves of bound sketchbooks attest to the volume of work she produced in the years between the birth of Jamie, now 12, and the advent of her interest in color xerox in 1977.

"I started with black and white xerox because I wanted to reproduce my ink drawings with as little distortion as possible. I was learning about producing multiples; at the same time I was making postcards with Particular Postcard People. Then I discovered color xerox. I was entranced by the fact that it produces instantaneous art."

First at Galleria de la Raza and then on her own machine, Kent began to produce the xerox prints that are distinctively hers. "You can look at one of mine and say, 'That's an Eleanor,' the same as you can recognize a 'Carioca' or a 'Buster Cleveland' produced on this machine."

Kent, who lives on Hill Street, has spent the last couple of years promoting her work in addition to producing it. "I've given myself permission to be singleminded about my art. This is something men are early encouraged to do. Women more easily dilute their own ambitions by being caught up in other scenarios. I worked very hard at being a wife and mother for many years before I allowed myself to think of myself as a fulltime artist."

Her persistence has paid off. She has had her portfolio reviewed by major art museums; she has had one-person as well as group shows in San Francisco and other cities; and through her machine, she has become a vital link in the xerox network. ■

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Honestly, Jack, some people will do anything to get drugs.

Eleanor Kent is one of nine San Francisco color xerox artists appearing at Gallery Sanchez this month. The exhibit includes work by Bill Briski, Dattison Darrow, Jeff Errick, Richard Feeney, Carl Heyward, Mark Allen, Lawrence Rippee and Rene Yanez and runs through Nov. 30. Gallery Sanchez is located inside the Noe Valley Ministry, 1021 Sanchez St. ■

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CALENDAR

Through Nov. 20: An art show of comic book stories and editorial cartoons about food. The Farm Gallery, 1499 Potrero Ave. Tues. through Sat., 1-6 p.m.

Through Nov. 30: The Redfern Trio plays '30s, '40s and '50s jazz. Salomeas, 24th between Noe and Castro. Sat., 6 p.m. to midnight; Sun., 4-8 p.m.

Through Dec. 6: "The Jail Diary of Albie Sachs" by David Edgar. Eureka Theatre Co. at a temporary location, the Magic Theatre's Northside Theatre at Fort Mason Center, Building D. Thurs. through Sun., 8 p.m.

Nov. 1-30: "Kids on the Job," photo essay by Irene Kane. Modern Times Bookstore, 968 Valencia St. Mon. through Sat., 11 a.m. to 6:30 p.m.; Sun., 11 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Nov. 1-30: "Xer Art," exhibit of local color xerox artists. Gallery Sanchez, 1021 Sanchez St.

Nov. 3: Election Day

Nov. 4: Noe Valley short story writer Anne Finger is a guest on "Final Draft," KALW, 91 7PM-9 p.m.

Nov. 6: Mark Nattalin and his Rhythm and Blues Revue. UCSF's Millberry Union, 500 Parnassus Ave. 8 p.m.

Nov. 7: "Anda Jaleo" will perform flamenco song, dance and guitar. Community Music Center, 544 Capp St. 8:30 p.m.

Nov. 7: International guitarist Robbie Basho in concert. 1021 Sanchez St. 8:15 p.m.

Nov. 7: Bethany Fall Festival. Gifts, crafts, food. Bethany Methodist Church, Clipper and Sanchez. 10 a.m. to 7:30 p.m.



Nov. 7: Douglas School Flea Market. 19th and Collingwood. Starts 10 a.m.

Nov. 9: Poetry and music with poets Gwen Carmen and Leslie Simon and flautist Lisa Folintino. Modern Times Bookstore, 968 Valencia St. 8 p.m.

Nov. 11: Veterans Day

Nov. 13: "Silkwood," one-woman show about union activist Karen Silkwood. Women's Building, 3543 18th St. 8:30 p.m. 431-5099 or 282-6777.

Nov. 14: Concert by jazz keyboardist Tom Darter and flautist Larry Kasson. Noe Valley Ministry, 1021 Sanchez St. 8:15 p.m.

Nov. 20: "Mariposa" in concert of Latin and North American folk music. Community Music Center, 544 Capp St. 8 p.m.

Nov. 21: Contemporary Jazz Movement concert, under direction of Karlton Hester. Noe Valley Ministry, 1021 Sanchez St. 8:15 p.m.

Nov. 22: Free concert of improvisation music, with George M'lely Trio. Community Music Center, 544 Capp St. 4 p.m.

Nov. 26: Thanksgiving

NOE VALLEY CINEMA

Films are shown Fridays at 8 p.m. at the Noe Valley Ministry, 1021 Sanchez St. near 23rd. Call 469-8890 for details.

- Nov. 6** Clouzot's "Wages of Fear," France/Italy, 1953, with Yves Monland, Charles Vanel, Vera Clouzot.
- Nov. 13** Tribute to two of the first experimental animators: Len Lye from New Zealand and Oskar Fischinger from Germany.
- Nov. 20** Benefit for Film Arts Foundation of San Francisco. Showing of 8 films. \$5 donation.
- Nov. 27** Disney Animation Festival: two-hour show (12 cartoons), featuring Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, Pluto, Goofy and more.

Please send Calendar items before the 15th day of the month preceding month of issue to *The Noe Valley Voice*, 1021 Sanchez St., SF 94114.

ONGOING EVENTS

Noe Valley Senior Center, 1021 Sanchez St., 282-2317

- Hot lunches Tues. and Thurs., 1 p.m.
- Exercise Tues. and Thurs., 12:30 p.m.
- Nutrition class, Thurs., 1:30 p.m.
- Nov. 3: Bingo, 1:30 p.m.
- Nov. 10: Conservatory of Music, 1:30 p.m.
- Nov. 17: Legal assistance, 1:30 p.m.
- Nov. 24: PG&E bills, 1:30 p.m. Blood pressure, 1-2 p.m.

Bethany Methodist Church, 1268 Sanchez St., 647-8393

- Sundays: Adult Bible class, 9:30 p.m. Worship celebration, 11 a.m. Children's class, 11 a.m. Korean Baptist Church, 1:30 p.m.
- Monday through Thursday: Children's after-school art program, 1 p.m.
- Thursdays: Children observation class, 9 a.m. Improvisation class, 6 p.m. Choir, 7:30 p.m.
- Fridays and Saturdays: workshops, benefits, plays
- Nov. 7: Bethany Fall Festival, 10 a.m. to 7 p.m.

Jamestown Community Center, 180 Fair Oaks St., 647-6274

- After-school program for youth in arts and crafts, animal care, tutoring, library, films, recreation for boys and girls, field trips, gymnastics, dances. Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.
- SOS: Employment and career guidance for youth. Baby-sitter service. Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. 826-6880
- Dance/Exercises: Mon., Wed., 6-7 p.m.
- Los Mayores de Centro Latino senior services. 826-1647
- Bingo, Thurs., 7-10 p.m.

S.F. Home Health Service, 225 30th St., 285-5615

- Hot lunches daily
- Bingo, Mon., 1:30-3:30 p.m.
- Health education, Thurs., 11 a.m.-noon
- Nov. 1: Dance, 1-3 p.m.
- Nov. 4: Field trip to Sacramento
- Nov. 5: Dental consumerism, 11 a.m.
- Nov. 10: Diabetic screening, 10 a.m. to noon
- Nov. 11: Podiatric clinic, 9 a.m. to 3 p.m.

S.F. Repertory, 4147 19th St., 864-3305

- Through Nov. 8: "Mary Stuart" Thurs. through Sun., 8 p.m.

Bajone's, 1062 Valencia St., 282-2522

- Jazz/funk seven nights a week, 9 p.m.
- Sundays: Pianist Ed Kelly, 5 p.m. Bishop Norman Williams and guests, 9 p.m.
- Mondays: Martha Young Trio.
- Tuesdays: E. W. Wainwright's African Roots of Jazz
- Wednesdays: Salsa with Babatunde.

- Thursdays: Moment's Notice jazz,
- Fridays and Saturdays: Marvin Holmes and Oakland

S.F. Women's Building, 3543 18th St., 431-5099

- Nov. 6-21: "Serigraphs" by Susie Reneau
- Nov. 10: Registration deadline for Winter Women's Art & Crafts Fair to be held Dec. 5-6.
- Nov. 21: "Truth-telling for Wild Women," theatre workshop taught by Terry Baum. 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. 824-6298
- Nov. 22: Grand opening of Ihsen Mural by Women's Building Mural Collective, 4-8 p.m.
- Ballet and jazz dance classes for beginners. Mon.-Sat., 11-12:30 p.m. 626-1318.

Modern Times Bookstore, 968 Valencia St., 282-9246

- Monday night poetry series, 7:30 p.m.
- Nov. 11: Authors Cherrie Moraga and Barbara Smith discuss Third World women's publishing.
- Nov. 15: Feminist author Meridel Lesueur reads from her work, 7 p.m.

National Lawyers Guild, 558 Capp St., 285-5066

- Volunteer law students will answer questions about unemployment benefits and represent claimants at appeal hearings. Free. Mon. through Thurs., 6-8 p.m.

Francis of Assisi Senior Center, 145 Guerrero St., 861-5790

- Hot lunches, Mon.-Fri., noon-6:50.
- Legal assistance second Mon., 1-2 p.m.
- Crafts, Mon., 1 p.m.
- Bingo, Tues., 1 p.m.
- Mini-market, Wed., 12:30 p.m.
- Exercise class, Fri., 10 a.m.-noon.

S.F. Women's Health Center, 14 Precita, 282-6999

- Women's health classes, workshops, referrals.
- Hours: Mon., Wed., 10-3. Tues., 12-5. Thurs., 12-4:30. Fri., 10-noon.

Noe Valley Library, 451 Jersey St., 285-2788

- Noe Valley Community Archives meeting, first Sat. of month, 10 a.m.
- Preschool story hours, Tues., 10:30 a.m. and 1:30 p.m.
- Story hour for older children, Thurs., 4 p.m.
- Community Garden workdays. Call for schedule.

Noe Valley Poetry, 1021 Sanchez St., 282-2978

- Readings second and fourth Sun., 7:30 p.m.
- Nov. 8: Kim Vaeth accompanied in mime by Marge Bly.
- Nov. 22: Mona Lisa Saloy and Jamaican poet Opal Palmer.

Noe Valley Ministry, 1021 Sanchez St., 282-2317

- Daily:**
- Word and meditation, 8 a.m.
- Tai chi exercise, 8:30 a.m.
- Noe Valley Co-op Nursery School. 821-9717.
- Draft Registration and C.O. counseling. 282-2317.
- Dance movement therapy, by appointment. 864-0911 or 665-7598.
- Community Boards Program. 821-2470.
- Gallery Sanchez. 282-2317.

Sundays:

- Overeaters Anonymous, 9 a.m. 824-2914
- Noe Valley Ministry worship, 10 a.m.

Mondays:

- DansYnergy, Mon., Wed., Fri., 12-1 p.m. Thurs., Sat., 10-11 a.m. 826-2416.
- Jazz Exercise, 6:15 p.m. 282-5835

Tuesdays:

- Yoga, Tues., Thurs., 7:30 p.m. 648-2371
- Noe Valley Seniors lunch, Tues., Thurs., 1 p.m.
- Children's Movement class, 3 p.m. 641-1415
- Noe Valley Girl Scouts, 4 p.m. 285-2648.
- Escrima Philippine martial arts, 6:30 p.m. 756-6443
- Singing from Inside Out, 7 p.m. 564-3184, 584-2435.

Wednesdays:

- Prenatal exercise workshop, 3:30 p.m. 824-2324
- Noe Valley Ministry children's program, 3:30 p.m.
- Yoga, 6 p.m. 648-1050
- Prayer gathering, 5:30 p.m.
- Harmonica for the Musical Idiot, 8 p.m.

Thursdays:

- Escrima, 7:30 p.m.
- Greek/Israeli folk dancing, 7:30 p.m. 647-2483.
- Jazz exercise, 6:15 p.m. 282-5835

Fridays:

- Noe Valley Karate, 9:30 a.m. 821-3613
- Noe Valley Cinema, 8 p.m. 469-8890

Saturdays:

- Tai chi, 10 a.m. 386-7929
- Overeaters Anonymous, 3:30 p.m. 826-5685
- Noe Valley Music, 8:15 p.m.

Vets Center, 1708 Waller St., 386-6726

- Vietnam-era veterans outreach program. Walk-in weekdays, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.
- One-on-one counseling, employment listings, rap groups, referrals.

Action for Better Living for the Elderly (ABLE), 944 Market St., 788-2253

- Weekly discussion on forming creative, extended family households. All ages, mature adults welcome.